

## Foreword

### Americanization Through Music

Every patriotic American of whatever ancestry, realizes now as never before the needs of the amalgamation of all the people into a national unity of calm, sane, unswerving loyalty, and awaking all the people to a realization of the responsibilities of their American citizenship.

There is no medium so attractive, sure and efficacious for this need as *Music*. There is nothing so universal in its appeal as *Music*. Through *Music*, we can meet every newcomer on common ground, and through it we can touch the magic chord of their love of their folk-arts, and by leading them to a knowledge of American songs and dances, bring them to an appreciation of American ideals, sentiment, institutions, and history.

This work may be carried on through four distinct avenues:

1. Hearing much music of other lands, forming a basis of contact and understanding.
2. Community Singing:
  - (a) Songs of the Birthland of Newer Citizens
  - (b) Singing English Translations
  - (c) American Folk and Patriotic Songs.
3. Dances of America and Other Lands:
  - (a) Recognized and approved as valuable and healthful exercise
  - (b) Learning American Country Dances.
4. Music of Epochs of American History:
  - (a) Meaning; significance.

The Victrola can serve as nothing else can in each of these four fields. In the first, our catalogue furnishes an unparalleled list of the choicest music of every country of the Old World, sung and played by the greatest artists in all history, oftentimes using native instruments and characteristic effects which make an instant appeal to the people from those countries.

This wealth of music can be conveyed to our own people, in no other way at once so practically and also artistically as through the Victrola and our matchless Victor Records, and in no other way can it be turned so quickly, surely, and attractively into instant, workable material for this great Americanization movement.

In Community Singing there are long lists of folk and patriotic songs from many lands, most of which are obtainable with English words. Our band records for Community Singing give a splendid list of our own familiar and patriotic songs with strong accompaniment phrased perfectly for singing. The cornets seem actually to say the words, as, indeed, the players did before playing. These have formed the very backbone of our work in the recent national and state drives for the advancement of education.

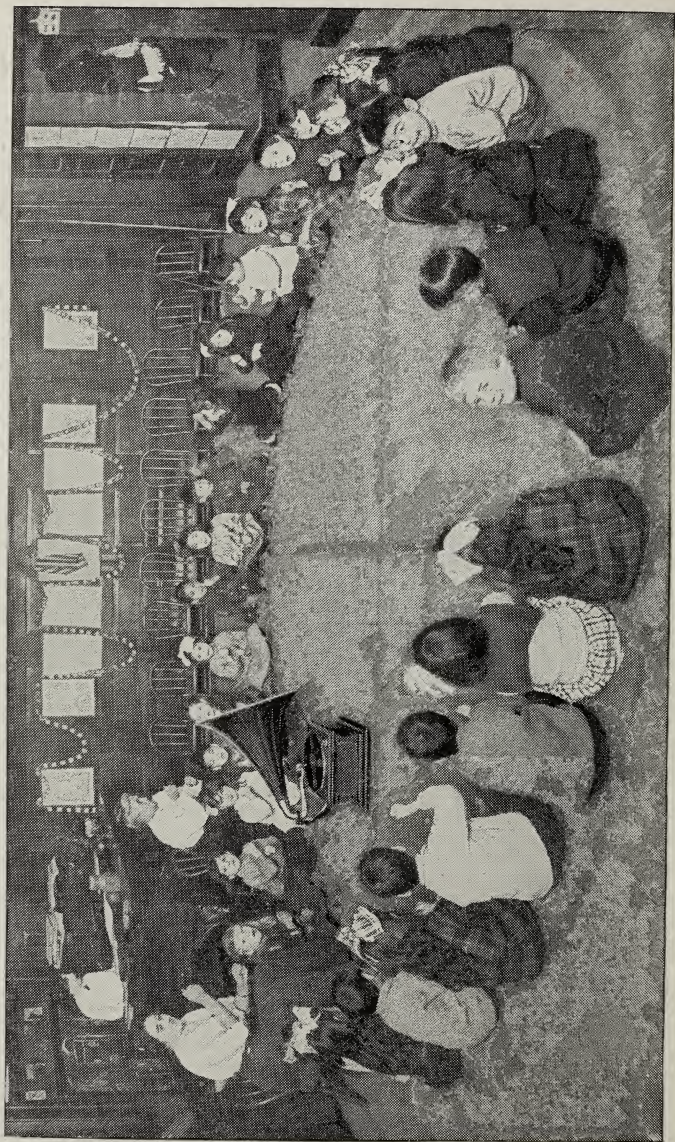
Among the Folk Dances there are records of a hundred or more, representing the ancient play spirit of all peoples, to which we have added over thirty of the old colonial country dances of our own early period of development. All these are danced in groups—simple, hearty, communal.

Almost every epoch of American history has been marked by *Music*. We have the music of these epochs, too, beautifully recorded with the utmost fidelity to historical significance. It is, then, with a sense of rendering a distinct service to a great national cause that we send out this little brochure in the same spirit with which we turned almost our entire plant into war work in the hour of our country's need, and we sincerely hope that it may contribute a mite to the needs of these reconstruction days.

FRANCES ELLIOTT CLARK, Director,

Victor Educational Department.

p 40000



Children of Eleven Nationalities Singing the Shoemaker Song



## The Victrola in Americanization

### Salute to the Flag

"I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the Republic for which it stands,  
one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

A great movement is now sweeping the country to bring securely into the fold of American citizenry our adopted brothers from other lands—to make firm and lasting the ties that bind them to their new homeland. This movement is known as "Americanization" or "Better Citizenship." It signifies a desire to inculcate an "understanding and use of the English language, in a comprehension of the fundamental ideals and meaning of American life, citizenship, and institutions, and in a genuine allegiance to the principles upon which the Government of the United States is founded."

The first impetus to this movement was given in 1914, when the United States Bureau of Education established the Division of Immigrant Education to devise ways and means to acquaint our foreign born with the language, customs, manners, laws, and ideals of America.

America's participation in the Great War threw a new light upon the situation, and gave a clearer and broader meaning to the movement. It brought out as nothing else could the great national disgrace of ignorance, illiteracy, and unassimilation. The social unrest that has followed the ending of the war has brought in still stronger relief the need for national unity—a unity of language, of ideals, of purpose, of national pride and love of country.

Following the splendid pioneer endeavors of the Division of Immigrant Education, the work of Americanization has gradually enlarged and ramnified until to-day it is one of the outstanding thoughts occupying American minds everywhere. It is the subject of national and state legislation. It has been accepted by the entire school system from the kindergarten to the university. (The University of Wisconsin has established a chair of Americanization.) Churches, clubs, boards and chambers of commerce, employers, and communities everywhere are grasping the vision and are seeing the need of working tirelessly to make this worthy movement bear fruit.

Realizing that the process of Americanization is primarily one of education, and realizing the vital force that the modern talking machine has become in education, we present this booklet, prepared in the same broad spirit of service that has ever characterized the educational work of the Victor, to show just how the Victrola and Victor Records may do their part in bringing about the amalgamation that Americanization means.

We must first meet the foreign born on some common ground of understanding. MUSIC is that common ground. No greater truism has ever been formulated than Longfellow's "Music is the universal language of mankind." It is the language of the heart. It needs no interpreter. It speaks in words intelligible to every man, no matter what his native tongue may be.

A Frenchman recently gave his conception of Americanization in part as follows: "Americanization of aliens should not prove difficult if you go about it in the right way—if you appeal to the only thing that will respond—the heart. . . . In dealing with different races you must appeal to that which is dear to them." And what is dearer to them than their rich endowment of native music and dances?

True Americanization should be a reciprocal process whereby the American gives much to his alien neighbor and in return receives much of great worth. The Honorable Franklin K. Lane in an address on *What America Means* aptly expresses this thought: "We expect the man to search out his immigrant neighbor and say, 'I am your friend. Be mine as well. Let me share in the wisdom and instruct me in the arts and crafts you have brought from strange and ancient countries, and I shall help you to succeed here.'" And in that spirit of broad altruism the new citizen has nothing greater to give than his folk-arts: music and the dances.

We should encourage him in his pride in and love of his folk-arts. We should USE that love to attune him to his new life. And THROUGH IT, by comparison and analogy, bring him to an appreciation of American ideals as expressed in our music of national sentiment and patriotic appeal, and thus pave the way for an understanding and love of and pride in *all things American*. Mary C. C. Bradford, State Superintendent of Public Instruction in Colorado and former President of the N. E. A. has beautifully expressed this thought. "From across the water come the folk songs of the Green Isle, of the lands that lie beside the tawny Tiber and from the summits of magical Switzerland; England's border ballads, the stirring lilts of Scotland and the famous verse of France. Even from far-away Russia come contributions to this medley of world-music, while Scandinavia, and Spain too, share in the universal chorus. These all can be contributed by those members of the household born overseas. And to begin and end with, the great chants of patriotic fervor—the historic hymns of free America, to which her sons have marched to death in days gone by, but which should be used now and in the future to stimulate the glorious service of everyday living to consecrate the thinking, working, loving of a real civilization."

In winning the attention, confidence, and respect of the potential American there is no greater force than music. Suppose, for instance, it is desired to Americanize an Italian group and they are brought together for social work or instruction. Play for them at the outset some such song as *Maria, Mari* (record 74418) or *Santa Lucia* (record 64663), and you will immediately win their hearts, and go far in opening their minds to all that you have to offer in the rest of your Americanization program. To a Russian group, music like the *Volga Boatman* (record 65147-A) or *Moskow* (record 65147-B) is equally appealing. These songs are known and loved by the high and the lowly in their respective countries. They are as dear to their hearts as *Old Black Joe* and *Old Kentucky Home* are to ours. And when the newcomers see that we know and appreciate their heart-songs, we shall have gained an invaluable sympathetic means of approach.\*

The *Victor General Catalogue* is rich in selections of a like nature in varied languages, and supplemented by the domestic foreign record catalogues there is offered an exceedingly wide range of recorded music that appeals to the foreign born.

Besides all the English-speaking countries, the Victor serves a clientele of persons speaking thirty-four different languages and dialects with records in their native language, played on native instruments, and sung or played by native artists.

In a degree, the native songs in a foreign language are not in accord with the spirit of the quick learning of English. On the other hand, as a point of contact and as factors in keeping the newcomers happy and satisfied during the process of assimilation they are of great value; but they should be sung in English at the earliest possible moment.

The following record lists of representative national and familiar airs of foreign countries are suggestive of what can be done in using Victor records in this direction. (For record numbers see Index.) (For other selections see the Victor Domestic Foreign Record Catalogue for the nationality in question, and the Victor General Catalogue under "National and Patriotic Airs.")

ARGENTINE REPUBLIC  
*National Hymn*

BELGIUM  
*La Brabançonne*  
(See also page 18.)

BOHEMIA  
*Kde domov můj*  
*Hej, Slované!*

BRAZIL  
*National Hymn*  
*Brazil—National Air*

CANADA  
*National Airs*  
*Maple Leaf Forever*

CHINA  
*Chinese Airs*

CUBA  
*National Hymn*  
*Hymno Invasor*

DENMARK  
*National Air*  
(See also page 18.)

\* For a full discussion of nationality in music, see *What We Hear in Music* by Anne Shaw Faulkner. (See page 36.)

## ENGLAND

*God Save the King*  
*Rule Britannia*  
 (See also page 18.)

## FINLAND

*Terve Suomeäi Maa*  
*Iloa ja Surua*  
 (See also page 18.)

## FRANCE

*La Marseillaise*  
*Au Clair de la Lune*  
*Bergère Légère*  
*Marche Lorraine*  
*Père de la Victoire*  
*Madelon*  
 (See also page 18.)

## GREECE

*National Hymn*

## HAWAII

*Hawaii Ponoä*  
*Aloha Oe*

## HOLLAND

*Dutch Folk Songs*

## HUNGARY

*Czardas*  
*Old Hungarian Airs*

## IRELAND

*Wearing of the Green*  
 (See also page 18.)

## ITALY

*O Sole Mio*  
*Maria, Mari*  
*Funiculi, Funicula*  
*Santa Lucia*  
*Garibaldi's Hymn*  
*Addio a Napoli*  
*Royal March*  
 (See also page 18.)

## JAPAN

*National Air*

## LITHUANIA

*National Hymn*

## MEXICO

*National Hymn*

## MONTENEGRO

*National Air*

## NORWAY

*Norwegian National Hymn*  
*Norwegian Mountain March*  
*Han Mass Aa'n Lasse*  
*Han Ole*  
*Aa, ola, ola*  
*Astri, mi Astri*

## POLAND

*Polish Hymn*  
*Cracovienne Fantastique*  
*Polonaise Militaire*  
*Mazurka*  
*Krakowiak*  
 (See also page 18.)

## PORTUGAL

*National Hymn*

## ROUMANIA

*National Air*

## RUSSIA

*Marche Slave*  
*Mother Moscow*  
*Volga Boat Song*  
*Molodka*  
*Vanka*  
 (See also page 18.)

## SCOTLAND

*The Campbells are Comin'*  
*Battle of Killiecrankie*  
*Will Ye No Come Back*  
*Scots Wha' Hae'*  
 (See also page 18.)

## SERBIA

*Rise Serbians*

## SLOVAKIA

*Nad Tatron sa blyska*  
*Domovini (Slovene)*

## SPAIN

*Mi Bandera*  
*Viva la Pilarica*

## SWEDEN

*National Airs of Sweden*  
*Swedish Wedding March*  
*Marschlek*  
*From Oles Polska*  
 (See also page 18.)

## TURKEY

*Marche (Old Sultan's régime)*  
*Turkish Air (Reform régime)*

In using our own "folk" or home songs and patriotic songs in Americanization group work, the words should be written plainly on a blackboard, thrown on a screen, or printed on slips of paper, so that through the songs the use of the new language may be expedited.

Music appeals to all. It lifts the tired worker above his weariness and grind, above his sordid count of the daily stipend, above his oftentimes sullen antagonism to all things. It lifts him into peace, contentment, hopefulness, joy, and happiness, which attributes go far toward making him a better worker, a better citizen, a better man or a better woman, mentally, morally, and spiritually.

## Community Singing in Americanization

*The Detroitter*, the official organ of the Detroit Board of Commerce, has named as one of the salient features of Americanization the "preparation of the individual for larger expression of himself in his home, in his work, and in his community." Anything that will promote that "larger expression" is a worthy force and should receive all the encouragement which it merits. The inspirational service of song in winning the war is now a matter of history. Singing sustained the morale of our troops and engendered enthusiasm among the people at home, upon whom the soldiers depended.

Now that peace is again with us, the community singing idea must not die out. It can still be productive of immeasurable good. Patriotism should not be a mere concomitant of war, for there are situations facing us to-day that demand just as clear and staunch patriotic devotion as those of war.

Industry is rapidly realizing the force for good that music, particularly song, can be among the workmen, and shop, factory, and store sings are often being conducted during the noon-hour.

Nothing is more unifying and democratic than the group singing of old familiar and patriotic songs. Let us read of the great service of song as expressed by two eminent authorities in the fields of music and education. Mr. James Francis Cooke, Editor of *The Etude*, has said, "with massed singing come smiles, enthusiasm, new life interest, healthy exercise, fine mental drill and uplifting soul experiences. . . . It makes for a common understanding between bob and nabob. . . . A good healthy sing has a purifying effect. It gets you closer to your fellow-man. It makes for real democracy. It makes Bolshevism difficult, if not impossible. Not to be identified with this great movement is to neglect one of the really useful and beautiful things bequeathed to us by the great war. Not until you have forgotten class and realized the true brotherhood of man will you in this age be able to take up the huge job that confronts us." And Mary C. C. Bradford, Colorado State Superintendent of Public Instruction, believes that "the songs of a people dominate their emotions, transform their decisions and exalt the minds of a race. The setting to music of the secret aspirations of the soul and the noblest standards of everyday living re-acts upon the inner and the outer life of the people so expressing themselves, and the days that are thus attuned to harmony with domestic duty and civic devotion will yield no hours in which to listen to the challenge of lesser aims."

With the Victrola, this vital, moving force may be always at hand awaiting only to be evoked at will to give out its great message of peace, contentment, and joy. Such songs as the following may be sung with stirring band accompaniment that is strong, correct, and inspiring.

<b>My Old Kentucky Home</b> (Stephen Foster)	<b>(2) Battle Hymn of the Republic</b> (Julia Ward Howe)	Victor Band	} 18145
<b>Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms</b> (Moore)	<b>(2) Home, Sweet Home</b> (Payne-Bishop)	(From Community Songs—C. C. Birchard Co.)	
		Victor Band	

At the time the movement was inaugurated to advance National Community Singing by encouraging general singing in the home, school and public gatherings, the National Conference of Music Supervisors adopted a list of eighteen songs, and arranged standard versions for informal chorus singing.

In order to stimulate this movement, the Victor offers a series of band accompaniments to well-known songs. Following the approved arrangements of the songs, the cornet sings the melody in correct phrasing, pitch and tempo, with adequate support by the rest of the band. Two selections are given on each face of the record.



**My Old Kentucky Home (Key of G)**

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,  
 'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;  
 The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,  
 While the birds make music all the day.  
 The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,  
 All merry, all happy and bright;  
 By'm-by hard times comes a-knocking at the door,  
 Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

**CHORUS**

Weep no more, my lady,  
 O weep no more to-day!

We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,  
 For the old Kentucky home, far away.

They hunt no more for the 'possum and the coon,  
 On the meadow, the hill and the shore;  
 They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,  
 On the bench by the old cabin door.  
 The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,  
 With sorrow where all was delight;  
 The time has come when the darkies have to part,  
 Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

—Stephen Foster

**Battle Hymn of the Republic (Key of B Flat)**

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;  
 He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;  
 He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;  
 His truth is marching on.

**CHORUS**

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!  
 His truth is marching on!

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;  
 They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;  
 I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;  
 His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel—

"As ye deal with My contemnners, so with you My grace shall deal";  
 Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with His heel,  
 Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;  
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat;  
 Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!—  
 Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,  
 With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;  
 As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,  
 While God is marching on.

—Julia Ward Howe

**Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms (Key of F)**

Believe me if all those endearing young charms

Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,  
 Were to change by to-morrow and fleet in my arms,  
 Like fairy gifts fading away,  
 Thou wouldst still be adored as this moment thou art,  
 Let thy loveliness fade as it will,  
 And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart  
 Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,  
 And thy cheek unprofan'd by a tear,  
 That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,  
 To which time will but make thee more dear,  
 Oh, the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,  
 But as truly loves on to the close;  
 As the sunflower turns on her god when he sets,  
 The same look that she gave when he rose.

—Thomas Moore

**Home, Sweet Home (Key of E Flat)**

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;  
 A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,  
 Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

**CHORUS**

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
 There's no place like home,  
 Oh, there's no place like home.

I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,  
 And feel that my mother now thinks of her child;  
 As she looks on that moon from our own cottage door,  
 Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;  
 Oh, give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again;  
 The birds singing gaily that come at my call;  
 Give me them, and that peace of mind,  
 Dearer than all.

—John Howard Payne

- |   |                       |         |
|---|-----------------------|---------|
| Annie Laurie (Lady John Scott) (2)  | Love's Old Sweet Song | } 18177 |
| (Bingham-Molloy)  | Victor Band           |         |
| Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes (Ben Jonson) (2)                                 | Flow                  |         |
| Gently, Sweet Afton (Burns-Spilman) (From Community Songs<br>—C. C. Birchard Co.) | Victor Band           |         |

### Annie Laurie (Key of C)

Maxwelton's braes are bonnie,  
Where early fa's the dew,  
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie  
Gave me her promise true;  
Gave me her promise true,  
Which ne'er forgot will be,  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me down and dee.

Her brow is like the snawdrift,  
Her throat is like the swan,  
Her face, it is the fairest  
That e'er the sun shone one;

That e'er the sun shone on,  
And dark blue is her e'e,  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me down and dee.

Like dew on th' gowan lying,  
Is th' fa' o' her fairy feet,  
And like winds in summer sighing,  
Her voice is low and sweet;  
Her voice is low and sweet,  
And she's a' the world to me,  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me down and dee.

—Lady John Scott

### Love's Old Sweet Song (Key of F)

Once, in the dear, dead days beyond recall,  
When on the world the mists began to fall,  
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng,  
Low to our hearts Love sang an old sweet  
song!  
And in the dusk, where fell the firelight gleam,  
Softly it wove itself into our dream.

Softly come and go;  
Tho' the heart be weary,  
Sad the day, and long  
Still to us, at twilight,  
Comes Love's old song,  
Comes Love's old sweet song.

### CHORUS

Just a song at twilight,  
When the lights are low,  
And the flick'ring shadows

Even to-day we hear Love's song of yore;  
Deep in our hearts it dwells for evermore!  
Footsteps may falter, weary grow the way,  
Still we can hear it at the close of day.  
So till the end, when life's dim shadows fall,  
Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

—J. Clifton Bingham

### Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes (Key of E Flat)

Ben Jonson, the great dramatist of England, 1574–1637, wrote this poem, called  
*To Celia*.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine,  
Or leave a kiss within the cup,  
And I'll not ask for wine;  
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,  
Doth ask a drink divine;  
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,  
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
Not so much hon'ring thee,  
As giving it a hope that there  
It could not withered be;  
But thou thereon didst only breathe,  
And send'st it back to me,  
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,  
Not of itself, but thee.

### Flow Gentle, Sweet Afton (Key of A)

This is one of the most beautiful of the poems of Robert Burns, often called  
*Afton Water*, and is commemorative of his great love for "Highland Mary."

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green  
braes:  
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;  
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her  
dream.  
Thou stockdove, whose echo resounds from  
the hill,  
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny  
dell,  
Thou green crested lapwing, thy screaming  
forbear,  
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it  
glides,  
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides!  
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,  
As, gath'ring sweet flow'rets, she stems thy  
clear wave!  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green  
braes,  
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my  
lays:  
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream.  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her  
dream.



Old Folks at Home (S. C. Foster) (2)	Juanita (Mrs. Norton)	} 18519
	Conway's Band	
Old Black Joe (Foster) (2)	Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground (Foster)	
	Conway's Band	

## Old Folks at Home (Swanee River) (Key of E Flat)

Way down upon the Swanee Ribber,  
Far, far away,  
Dere's wha my heart is turning ebber,  
Dere's wha de old folks stay;

All up and down de whole creation,  
Sadly I roam,  
Still longing for de old plantation,  
And for de old folks at home.

## CHORUS

All de world am sad and weary,  
Ebrywhere I roam,  
Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary,  
Far from the old folks at home.

All round the little farm I wander'd  
When I was young  
Den many happy days I squander'd,  
Many de songs I sung;

When I was playing wid my brudder,  
Happy was I.  
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder,  
Dere let me live and die.

One little hut among de bushes,  
One dat I love,  
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,  
No matter where I rove;

When will I see de bees a-humming,  
All round de comb?  
When will I hear de banjo tumming  
Down in my good old home?

—Stephen C. Foster

## Juanita (Key of E Flat)

Mrs. Norton's simple and charming ballad in the Spanish style, reminiscent of the early days in California, has become one of our American "folk tunes."

Soft o'er the fountain,  
Ling'ring falls the southern moon;  
Far o'er the mountain,  
Breaks the day too soon!

In thy dark eyes' splendor,  
Where the warm light loves to dwell,  
Weary looks, yet tender,  
Speak their fond farewell!

Nita! Juanita!  
Ask thy soul if we should part!  
Nita! Juanita!  
Lean thou on my heart.

When in thy dreaming,  
Moons like these shall shine again,  
And daylight beaming  
Prove thy dreams are vain.

Wilt thou not, relenting,  
For thy absent lover sigh,  
In thy heart consenting  
To a prayer gone by?

Nita! Juanita!  
Let me linger by thy side!  
Nita! Juanita!  
Be my own fair bride!

Mrs. Norton

## Old Black Joe (Key of D)

Little need be said of the favorite *Old Black Joe*, one of Stephen Foster's most beloved songs, which may well be called an American folk song. It is known all over the world, having been translated into many different tongues and sung in many lands.

Gone are the days when my heart was young  
and gay;  
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields  
away;  
Gone from the earth to a better land, I know,  
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black  
Joe!"

## CHORUS

I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is  
bending low;

I hear those gentle voices calling, "Old Black  
Joe!"

Why do I weep when my heart should feel no  
pain?  
Why do I sigh for my friends come not again,  
Grieving for forms now departed long ago?  
I hear those gentle voices calling "Old Black  
Joe!"

—Stephen C. Foster

### Massa's in De Cold, Cold Ground (Key of D)

Round de meadows am a-ringing  
De darkey's mournful song,  
While de mocking bird am singing,  
Happy as de day am long.  
Where de ivy am a-creeping  
O'er de grassy mound,  
Dar old massa am a-sleeping,  
Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.

When de autumn leaves were falling,  
When de days were cold,  
'Twas hard to hear old massa calling,  
Cayse he was so weak and old.  
Now de orange trees am blooming  
On de sandy shore,  
Now de summer days am coming,  
Massa nebber calls no more.

#### CHORUS

Down in de cornfield  
Hear dat mournful sound;  
All de darkeys am a-weeping,  
Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

Massa make de darkeys love him,  
Cayse he was so kind;  
Now, they sadly weep above him,  
Mourning cayse he leave dem behind.

I cannot work before to-morrow  
Cayse de tear drop flow;  
I try to drive away my sorrow,  
Pickin' on de old banjo.

—Stephen C. Foster

**America** (Samuel F. Smith—Henry Carey)

**The Red, White and Blue** (David T. Shaw)

Victor Military Band } 17580  
Victor Military Band }

This well-known hymn was written by Samuel Francis Smith in February, 1832, and first sung at a celebration in the Park Street Church, Boston, July 4, 1832. Mr. Smith found the old air of *God Save the King* in a book of German songs given him by Lowell Mason, and so set the words to that melody. The authorship of the music is usually accredited to Henry Carey (1690–1743), the English composer. It is said that the same tune has been used as a national song by as many as twelve nations.

The familiar words of the poem *My Country! 'tis of thee* are known to all.

The stirring, patriotic song, *The Red, White and Blue*, often known as *Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean*, first made its appearance in print in 1843. The authorship has been credited to David T. Shaw, whose words are said to have been set, in 1852, to an old English song, called *Britannia, the Pride of the Ocean*. There are, however, good reasons to believe that the author of both words and music of the original song was Thomas à Becket, whose song was published in 1843 in Philadelphia. This is in the same pitch and tempo as the vocal rendition on record 17578.

O Columbia, the gem of the ocean,  
The home of the brave and the free,  
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,  
A world offers homage to thee,  
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,  
When Liberty's form stands in view;  
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,  
When borne by the red, white and blue;  
When borne by the red, white and blue,  
When borne by the red, white and blue,  
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,  
When borne by the red, white and blue.

The star-spangled banner bring hither,  
O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave;  
May the wreaths they have won never wither,  
Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave;  
May the service, united, ne'er sever,  
But hold to their colors so true;  
The army and navy forever,  
Three cheers for the red, white and blue;  
Three cheers for the red, white and blue,  
Three cheers for the red, white and blue,  
The army and navy forever,  
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

**The Star-Spangled Banner** (Francis Scott Key—Samuel Arnold)

(Arranged by the Music Section, National Education Association)

**Hail Columbia** (Jos. Hopkinson—Professor Phile)

(Arranged by the Music Section, National Education Association)

Victor Band } 17581  
Victor Band }

*The Star-Spangled Banner* is dear to the hearts of all Americans, and is becoming more and more recognized as our National Song. The words were written by Key in 1814, while he was detained on board a British frigate, and watched the Stars and Stripes fly undaunted over Fort McHenry during twenty-four hours of furious bombardment. On September 14, 1914, the one hundredth anniversary of the writing of *The Star-Spangled Banner* was celebrated, and events which have since occurred have created a new sense of patriotism, and have redoubled interest in our favorite national air. By act of Congress this has now become the official national song of the Army and Navy.

In an effort to arrive at a standardization, the Music Section of the National Education Association in 1908 appointed a committee to arrange four of the songs for Congressional action. Their report was adopted in Chicago, 1912, and later by the Music Supervisors' National Association and by the National Federation of Musical Clubs, and on July 9, 1914, was adopted by the main body of the National Education Association at St. Paul, which presented to the Bureau of Education through the Honorable Secretary of the Interior, a request that the official version be authorized for use in schools.

The only material change in *The Star-Spangled Banner* occurs in the sixth measure and its repetitions. None of the commonly used versions would fit all stanzas and agreement was impossible as between the dotted quarter, eighth, quarter or half note, two-eighths. In this dilemma the committee cut the Gordian knot by looking up a copy of the original *Anacreon in Heaven*, the old English drinking song by Samuel Arnold, and discovered that in the old tune to which Key set his immortal words, like the Irishman's "Not nither, neether, but nayther," it was three plain straight quarter notes in each place. This fits all stanzas alike, giving evidence that this form was used by Key.

Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?  
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,  
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.  
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,  
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,  
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,  
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream.  
'Tis the star-spangled banner: oh, long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand  
Between their loved home and the war's desolation:  
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land  
Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation!  
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust!"  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

*Hail Columbia*, the first genuinely American song, gets its melody from the old *President's March*, composed by Philip Phile in 1789, said to have been used at Washington's Inauguration. The words are by Joseph Hopkinson, and were written by him in 1789, in Philadelphia. At that time England and France were at war and frequent violations of American rights had occurred at the hands of each warring power, and for a time it was thought this country would become involved. *Hail Columbia*, which was sung in the theatres at that time, helped kindle the fires of American patriotism.

At 605 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, a bronze tablet commemorates the fact that here, a short distance from Independence Hall, stood the old Chestnut Street Theatre, where Gilbert Fox first sang *Hail Columbia*, on April 25, 1798.

Hail, Columbia! happy land!  
Hail, ye heroes! heav'n-born band!  
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,  
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,  
And when the storm of war was gone,  
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.  
Let independence be our boast,  
Ever mindful what it cost;  
Ever grateful for the prize,  
Let its altar reach the skies.



## CHORUS

Firm, united, let us be,  
Rallying round our liberty!  
As a band of brothers joined,  
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more,  
Defend your rights, defend your shore;  
Let no rude foe with impious hand,  
Let no rude foe with impious hand,  
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,  
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.  
While offering peace, sincere and just,  
In heav'n we place a manly trust,  
That truth and justice shall prevail,  
And ev'ry scheme of bondage fail.

Behold the Chief who now commands,  
Once more to serve his country stands,  
The rock on which the storm will beat,  
The rock on which the storm will beat,  
But armed in virtue, firm and true,  
His hopes are fixed on Heav'n and you.  
When hope was sinking in dismay,  
When gloom obscured Columbia's day  
His steady mind, from changes free,  
Resolved on death or liberty.

## America the Beautiful (2) Stars of the Summer Night

Victor Military Band } 18627  
Victor Military Band }

## Speed the Republic (2) Onward, Christian Soldiers

Another splendid record for community singing, country institutes, Americanization, and general school work is *America the Beautiful*. The poem is the patriotic tribute of Katherine Lee Bates, teacher of English, Wellesley College. Several settings have been made, but the hymn *Materna*, by Ward, seems to be the favorite, and it is used everywhere in school and community work. The leading cornets seem to say the words, and singing with the record is therefore easy. *Stars of the Summer Night* has long been a favorite number in chorus work. The words are by Longfellow, and music by Woodbury. Keller's *Speed the Republic* is among the best patriotic songs we have. There are two sets of words in common use, one being Oliver Wendell Holmes' *Angel of Peace*, the other the words here reprinted.

## America the Beautiful (Key of D Flat)

O beautiful for spacious skies, for amber waves of grain,  
For purple mountain majesties above the fruited plain!  
America! America! God shed His grace on thee,  
And crown thy good with brotherhood from sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet, whose stern impassioned stress  
A thoroughfare for freedom beat across the wilderness!  
America! America! God mend thine every flaw,  
Confirm thy soul in self-control, thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for patriot dream that sees beyond the years  
Thine alabaster cities gleam undimmed by human tears!  
America! America! God shed His grace on thee,  
And crown thy good with brotherhood from sea to shining sea!

Used by permission of the author, Katherine Lee Bates

## Stars of the Summer Night (Key of E Flat)

Stars of the summer night,  
Far in yon azure deep,  
Hide, hide you, golden light,

She sleeps, my lady sleeps,  
She sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps.

## CHORUS

She sleeps, my lady sleeps,  
She sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps.

Dreams of the summer night,  
Tell her, her lover keeps  
Watch, while, in slumber light,

Moon of the summer night  
Far down yon western steeps  
Sink, sink in silver light,

She sleeps, my lady sleeps,  
She sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps,

**Speed the Republic (Key of F)**

Speed our Republic, O Father on high!  
Lead us in pathways of justice and right:  
Rulers as well as the ruled, one and all,  
Girdle with virtue the armor of might!  
Hail, three times hail to our country and flag!  
Rulers as well as the ruled, one and all,  
Girdle with virtue the armor of might!  
Hail, three times hail to our country and flag!

Rise up, proud eagle, rise up to the clouds!  
Spread thy broad wings o'er this fair western world!  
Fling from thy beak our dear banner of old,  
Show that it still is for freedom unfurled!  
Hail, three times hail to our country and flag!  
Fling from thy beak our dear banner of old,  
Show that it still is for freedom unfurled!  
Hail, three times hail to our country and flag!

**Onward, Christian Soldiers (Key of E Flat)**

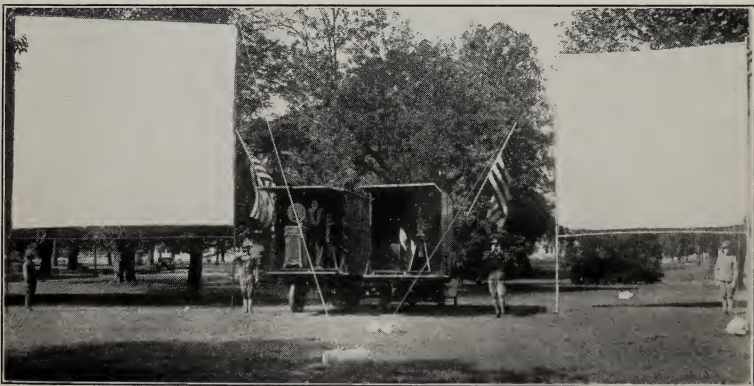
Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,  
With the cross of Jesus going on before!  
Christ the royal Master, leads against the foe:  
Forward into battle see His banner go.

**CHORUS:**

Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,  
With the cross of Jesus going on before.

Like a mighty army moves the church of God:  
Brothers, we are treading where the saints have trod;  
We are not divided, all one body we,  
One in hope, in doctrine, one in charity.

Onward, then, ye people, join our happy throng,  
Blend with ours your voices in the triumph-song:  
Glory, laud, and honor unto Christ the King!  
This thro' countless ages men and angels sing.



**TRAVELING INSTRUCTION LABORATORY OF THE UNITED STATES BUREAU  
OF COMMERICAL ECONOMICS,**

showing the Victrola as a faithful ally in patriotic community work during the war



Chinese and Japanese Children Dancing the Irish Jig



American Indian Children Dancing the Swedish Folk Dance "Reap the Flax"

EXAMPLES OF THE REAL INTERNATIONAL UNITY OF EXPRESSION IN FOLK-ART



## Folk Dancing in Americanization

Since we must use the racial culture of our new citizens in bringing them into alignment with things American, we must not neglect their great wealth of folk-art that finds expression in the dance. Miss Elizabeth Burchenal, America's foremost authority on folk dancing, has expressed the thought admirably in the preface to her book, *American Country Dances*. "We have the new and dazzling wealth of folk-art brought in with the comparatively recent rush of immigration from many countries, the beauty and value of which is not yet generally understood or appreciated. Surely, the folk dances and music of all the nationalities which make up the people of our country may be considered ours just as these people are our people, and every effort should be made to encourage, preserve, and assimilate this dancing and music, so that we may not only have these added resources for social enjoyment and recreation, but that our national life may be enriched with beauty and color and joy of living which may become the foundation of a yet undreamed-of development of art in this country."



Miss Burchenal in Flemish Dress

There is no more pleasurable or more potent force for community unification than folk dancing. In it the old and young, the foreign- and native-born Americans may come together in the spirit of play and vigorous healthful exercise. At such gatherings, we should learn the old dances from across the seas. This will show the newcomer that we appreciate his art and amusements. He thus will forget his self-consciousness and timidity. He will enter into the spirit of our old country dances, too, and from it all will arise a mutual understanding of the unity of thought and motive that lies behind all such folk expression.

The following list of European and American folk dances will be found of great value in community effort of this sort. As an integral part of a patriotic pageant or play the real folk dances of the various countries represented would have a logical place if given in their traditional form. Folk dances familiar to many through use as play and recreation might thus be fitted into a patriotic community celebration. The folk dances listed here are actual folk dances from the countries represented, and they would be recognized with emotion by natives of these countries. For descriptions and illustrations see the booklet *The Victrola in Physical Education, Recreation and Play*. (For record numbers see Index.)

### AMERICAN

Arkansaw Traveler  
Circle, No. 1, The  
Circle, No. 2, The  
Dan Tucker  
Green Mountain Volunteers  
Haste to the Wedding  
Haymakers, The  
Hull's Victory  
Lady of the Lake

Lamplighter's Hornpipe  
Magnolia Reel  
Money Musk No. 1  
Money Musk No. 2  
Morning Star  
Needle's Eye  
Old Dan Tucker  
Old Zip Coon  
Pop Goes the Weasel

Portland Fancy  
Sailor's Hornpipe  
Soldier's Joy  
Speed the Plow  
Staten Island  
Texarkana  
Virginia Reels  
White Cockade  
Young America Hornpipe

## BELGIAN

Chimes of Dunkirk

Lott' ist Tod

Seven Jumps

## DANISH

Ace of Diamonds  
 Crested Hen  
 Dance of Greeting  
 Four Dance, The  
 Hatter, The

Little Man in a Fix  
 Mallebrok  
 Norwegian Mountain March  
 Seven Jumps

Shoemaker's Dance  
 Three Dance  
 Three Men's Reel  
 Tinker's Dance

## ENGLISH

Black Nag  
 Butterfly, The  
 Chelsea Reach  
 Confess  
 Country Dance  
 Fine Companion, The  
 Flamborough Sword Dance  
 Gathering Peascods  
 Goddesses  
 Grimstock  
 Hey Boys, We Up Go  
 Hornpipe  
 Hunsdon House  
 If All the World Were Paper  
 Jamaica

Jenny Pluck Pears  
 Jolly is the Miller  
 Kirkby Malzeard Sword  
 Dance  
 Lady in the Dark  
 Laudnum Bunches  
 London Bridge  
 Looby Loo  
 Mage on a Cree  
 Maypole Dance (Bluff King  
 Hal)  
 Merry Conceit  
 Morris Dances  
 Mulberry Bush  
 Newcastle

Oats, Peas, and Barley Beans  
 Grow  
 Old Mole, The  
 Oranges and Lemons  
 Parson's Farewell  
 Ribbon Dance  
 Round and Round the Village  
 Row Well Ye Mariners  
 Ruffy Tufty  
 Sailor's Hornpipe  
 Sellenger's Round  
 Shepherd's Hey  
 Sweet Kate  
 Three Meet  
 Tideswell Processional Morris

## FINNISH

First Polka  
 Harvest Dance

Kyntnavspolska

Pretty Sister-in-Law

## FRENCH

Farandole

French Reel

Parisian Polka, The

## IRISH

Blackberry Blossom  
 Irish Jig

Irish Lilt  
 Rinnce Fada

St. Patrick's Day

## ITALIAN

Tarantella

## POLISH

Cracoviac

## RUSSIAN

Kamarinskaia

## SCOTTISH

Foursome Ree

Highland Fling

Highland Schottische

## SWEDISH

Bleking  
 Carrousel  
 Come Let Us Be Joyful  
 First of May  
 Fjällnåspolska  
 Fryksdalspolska  
 Gotlands  
 Gustaf's Skål  
 Hopp Mor Annika

How D'ye Do, My Partner  
 I See You  
 Klappdans  
 Kulldansen  
 Kulldansen No. 2  
 Lassie Dance  
 Ma's Little Pigs  
 Nigareoplska  
 Ostgötapolska

Our Little Girls  
 Oxdansen  
 Reap the Flax  
 Seven Pretty Girls  
 Skanska Quadrille  
 Tantoli  
 Vingakersdans  
 Weaving Dance

## The Victrola in the Study of American History

One of the first steps in Americanization should be to lead the foreign-born citizen to understand that, with the exception of about a quarter million native descendants of North American Indians, the one hundred million people of the United States are all either foreign born or descendants of foreign-born ancestors. They must be helped to see that our sturdy forefathers, who are responsible for the unshakable foundations upon which this great republic has been builded, were men like themselves, who three centuries earlier came to this country trying to better their condition in some way, or seeking a larger measure of civic or religious freedom and a broader field of activity than was offered by their homeland. These people brought with them their native customs, habits, language and high purposes from which have survived here the best from the mother country and rich contributions from other lands. These compose our great heritage of American ideals.

A knowledge of the chief epochs of American history will do much to Americanize (in the best sense) our adopted brothers. It will lead them "to enter into this common heritage of the best of all, to be inspired with these ideals, to learn to understand the institutions which guarantee our freedom and rights and enable us all to work together for the common good, to resolve to forget all purely selfish means for the work of the highest welfare of our country and of the world."

The following is a brief sketch of American history, prepared by Mr. Harold D. Smith, which has been illuminated and vitalized through record illustration. With such illustration, a study of the outstanding events of American history no longer becomes a dry recital of facts and dates, but a living, pulsating story, beautiful and artistic through its music and poetry—all of which strikes a note of immediate appeal in the artistic heart and mind of the new American.

The study of American history usually begins with the voyages of the Vikings, or Norsemen. Those stalwart, fair-haired men came from the rugged mountainous country of Norway. Like the Phoenicians of old, most of their life was spent on the sea in their galleys with carved beaks. Their daring seamanship and love of discovery made them true "Lords of the Waves." On one of their voyages they discovered and settled Iceland, and on another, Greenland.

Over nine hundred years ago there lived a famous King of Norway, Olaf Trygvason, who holds a brilliant place in the sagas and traditions of the Norse. In Longfellow's *Tales of a Wayside Inn* one of his characters, the Musician (who in real life was Ole Bull, the Norwegian violinist), recites *The Saga of King Olaf*. Edvard Grieg, Norway's greatest composer, once began an opera, *Olaf Trygvason*, founded upon the story of the famous King, but the poet, Björnson, never finished the text, so the opera was never completed. Some of the numbers from this work were arranged by Grieg in a suite, and these, especially the fine march, are often heard in orchestral concerts.

The principal event in King Olaf's life was his conversion to Christianity and his abandonment of the old Norse Gods, Thor and Odin. King Olaf is said to have sent Leif the Lucky, son of Eric the Red, to carry the teachings of Christianity to his father in the distant colony of Greenland. The voyage was made in the year 1000 A. D. An Old document relates that Leif sailed far south of his course in this voyage and discovered a new land which he christened "Vinland," on account of the abundance of grapes which grew there. The new country which he discovered is generally supposed to have been the coast of Canada, and the Norsemen are thought to have explored the coast from Nova Scotia south to Long Island.

To these intrepid rovers of the sea we give the honor of the first European discovery of America. Eaton Fanning's *Song of the Vikings* (record 55055-B) is a spirited setting of a poem by Somerville Gibney, which expresses the Norseman's natural love for the deep, his joy in warfare, and his remembrance of home and family ties.



The wind is blowing from off the shore,  
 And our sail has felt its force,  
 For our bark bounds forth o'er the crested  
     waves,  
 As a wild and restive horse.  
 Our sharp prow cleaves the billows  
 And breaks them into spray,  
 And they brightly gleam in the glad sunlight,  
 As we speed upon our way,  
 As we speed upon our way.

Lords of the waves we are,  
 Kings of the seething foam!  
 Warriors bold, from the Northland cold,  
 Far o'er the sea we roam;  
 Far o'er the sea we roam,  
 Far o'er the sea we roam,  
 We roam, we roam, we roam, we roam, we  
     roam!  
 Lords of the waves we are, we are, we are,  
 Lords of the waves we are!

We have left our wives and our sweethearts  
     fair  
 On the rock-encircled strand,  
 To entreat the gods to watch o'er their loves,  
 And to bring them back to land.  
 Each day they'll pray to heaven,  
 Nor will they pray in vain,  
 For the gods will watch o'er our sturdy bark,  
 And will guide her home again,  
 And will guide her home again.

To our oars we bend with a right good will,  
 And all sorrow leave behind;  
 As the white-wing'd gulls which around us  
     skim  
 We are racing, racing with the wind.  
 And when our foes are vanquished,  
 And we return once more,  
 Oh, the welcome glad they will greet us with,  
 As we gain the long'd for shore,  
 As we gain the long'd for shore.

Now came the period of Spanish discovery and exploration. In the fifteenth century the rich Catholic nation of Spain had become a foremost European power. If it stood foremost intellectually, this was due to the influence of the Moors, the last of whom were expelled from their Moorish kingdom of Granada in 1492. To the Moors, Spain owed most of her music, which was transplanted to the West Indies, and mingled with the rhythmic melodies of the African slaves, assumed the form of the Habanera. One of the best known Habaneras is *La Paloma* (record 74379); another is *Tu-Habañera* (record 64182). When Columbus and his band landed on San Salvador, they gave thanks to the Creator in singing a *Te Deum*, which is the Latin form of the more familiar *Praise God, from Whom all Blessings Flow*. If we have no record of the exact version of this old chant, we have at least records of the Gregorian Plain Song, showing the style in which it was sung. (Hear *Kyrie Eleison*, record 71001.) So it was that the priest walked hand in hand with the explorer, the crucifix with the sword, and thus the music of the church ritual of the Old World was brought into the forests and desert fastnesses of the New World.

Someone has called the poem, *Columbus*, by Joaquin Miller, "the finest poem written by an American." In his cottage on the heights above Oakland, California, near the spot where John C. Fremont first saw the Golden Gate, Miller penned the virile poem of the great navigator with its lesson of "Sail On, and On, and On!" Here is a poem which should be known and recited by every American boy and girl, and is well given on record 35653-A.

There is considerable romance surrounding the expeditions of the Spanish explorers and their relations with the Indians. Coronado, setting out from Mexico in 1540, discovered the Grand Canyon of Colorado, and the tribes of the Indians of the Southwest. The Spaniards had been searching for the fabled "Seven Cities of Cibola," which were supposed to be filled with gold and silver. They discovered seven cities but they were the communal dwellings of the Zuñi Indians, built of adobe like terraced pyramids. The Spaniards called the Indians who lived in these dwellings "Pueblo Indians," from the Spanish word meaning "people" or "community." These primitive tribes live to-day very much the same as they did at the time of their discovery by the Spaniards. Their life is largely pastoral in character. When the Spaniards introduced sheep into the Pueblo country, the Indians learned to weave blankets of wool. They are also skilled in the making of pottery and baskets and in the arts of the silversmith. Their traditions and social customs have not changed. They use primitive instruments like the drum and rattle for the dances, and the flute, made of willow or cedar, for love calls. Early

in the morning when the Pueblo maiden goes to the spring for water, she often hears the song especially composed for her by some admirer who is hidden in the brush. If he is not an expert singer, his flute answers the same purpose. Interesting examples of genuine primitive Indian songs are to be found in the *Gambblers' Song* (record 17635), *Grass Dance*, *White Dog Song*, and *Medicine Song* (all on record 17611), sung by members of the Blackfeet Tribe from Glacier National Park. Songs of the Navajo Indians are given by Geoffrey O'Hara, who spent several years studying the songs of these Southern Indians (record 17635).



**Two Grass Dancers  
Blackfeet Tribe**

Thurlow Lieurance has harmonized the primitive songs of these people so that they have become attuned to our civilized ears. The Indians have songs which the mother sings to her babe hung on the tree-bough and rocked by the wind, and songs for many other occasions and religious ceremonies. The language of the Indians, like his life and mode of thinking, is far more spiritual than our own. Much interest is attached to the songs which have been collected by Mr. Lieurance, and in connection with them it is interesting to bring out the main facts in the history, art, and environment of each tribe. *Aooah* or *Pretty Leaf* is a beautiful Pueblo maiden to whom many songs have been composed by Indian admirers. One of these songs was taken down in notation by Mr. Lieurance just as he heard it played on the flute by Deer of the Yellow Willow. The text is here translated from the Pueblo dialect—notice the real flute call (record 18418).

I'm longing for Aooah,  
Like fawn, fairest of the maids in Red willow  
Land  
Lithe as a leaflet, from aspen boughs,  
Smiles like sunshine from blue summer skies.

I'm longing for Aooah,  
Like fawn, cheeks like the sunset,  
Eyes of gold, "My Leaf,"  
With my flute I call to thee,  
Calling for Aooah my golden leaf.

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*Papupoooh* or *Deer Flower* is another love song of the Pueblos which preserves an authentic Pueblo flute call (record 18444).

The Navajos, who also inhabit the desert of the Southwest, are not related to the Pueblos. Until recent years they were roving tribes. They learned the art of weaving blankets from the Pueblo Indians, and have attained so much skill in this work that the Navajo blankets are famous the world over. One of the most interesting songs of Mr. Lieurance is *Her Blanket* in which a Navajo melody is preserved in the piano accompaniment. This song describes the custom of the Navajos to weave in their blankets various figures and designs which have ceremonial meanings. Even to-day the grandmother, before she dies, weaves in her blanket her joys and sorrows and information about herself and her family. The text of this song is the exact translation of the Navajo dialect. It is supposed to be sung by the aged blanket weaver herself (record 18418.)

Tears for my heart?  
 Prayers for my soul?  
 My tears are old,  
 My prayers for naught.  
 My fate I weave with shuttle old  
 Here to remain,  
 For e'er and e'er.

My life is written,  
 Scarlet and black  
 Here to remain,  
 For e'er and e'er,  
 My love has flown  
 My tears are old  
 The land of ghosts,  
 Calls for my soul.

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It is interesting to compare this text with the following poem on the Navajo Blanket by Edwin L. Sabin:

Out in the land of little rain;  
 Of cactus-rift and canyon plain,  
 An Indian woman, short and swart,  
 This blanket wove with patient art;  
 And day to day, through all the year,  
 Before her loom, by patterns queer,  
 She stolidly a story told,  
 A legend of her people, old.

With thread on thread and line on line,  
 She wrought each curious design,  
 The symbol of the day and night.  
 Of desert dark and mountain height,  
 Of journey long and storm beset,  
 Of village passed and dangers met,  
 Of wind and season, cold and heat,  
 Of famine harsh and plenty sweet.

Now in this pale-faced home it lies,  
 'Neath careless, unsuspecting eyes,  
 Which never read the tale that runs  
 A course of ancient, mystic suns,  
 To us, 'tis simply many-hued,  
 Of figures barbarous and rude;  
 Appeals in vain its pictured lore;  
 An Indian blanket—nothing more.

—From *The Navajos* by Oscar H. Lipp.

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Leaving this interesting topic of the Indians of the Southwest desert, we return to the early colonists of America. Spanish civilization extended from Mexico to California, and in the path of Father Junipero Serra there sprang up a chain of missions which still add to the picturesqueness of the California coast. As a reminder of that early Spanish influence we have Mrs. Norton's famous song *Juanita* with its Spanish melody (records 17933 and 64812). Victor Herbert has chosen California under the old Spanish régime in the year 1820, as a setting for his opera *Natoma*. (Hear records 70049, 74274.)

The French explored Canada and their missionaries passed on down the Mississippi to New Orleans. In the St. Lawrence region the influence of the mother country is still apparent. Even if we had no poets such as William Henry Drummond to chronicle the life of the "Habitant" and the "Voyageur" we should still have the charming French-Canadian songs so typical of this region. (Records 69311, 69439, 63398.) In Louisiana and the Antilles, the French came in contact with the Spanish, and the Creoles became a leading caste. It has been pointed out that the Creole music is largely French and Spanish melody superimposed on African rhythm. America's first virtuoso pianist was a gifted composer, Gottschalk, a Creole of New Orleans. Gottschalk has left us a number of Creole melodies in his piano compositions. In his *Pasquinade* he imitates the habit of the Creoles of lampooning in song (record 45050-A).

The defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588 crushed the sea power of Spain and opened the sea-board of the Atlantic coast for the colonization by the English. It was the Cavaliers, supported by Sir Walter Raleigh, former favorite of Queen Elizabeth, who founded the colony of Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607. They brought with them the old country dances of Elizabethan times, including *Sellenger's Round* and *Gathering Peascods* (record 18010), as well as many ballads of the same age. Hundreds of these old-time ballads have been preserved intact by the descendants of these first settlers who have lived for years in the isolated mountains of the Virginias, the Carolinas, Kentucky, and Tennessee.



To Plymouth Bay came the *Mayflower* and the Puritans in 1620. Their religious scruples forbade the use of the Cavalier tunes, but the old *Bay Psalm Book* has preserved a number of the hymn tunes sung in unison by them in their worship (record 17646). Their rules also forbade the use of musical instruments, but later the 'cello was admitted to their churches.



Puritans Going to Church

No doubt the Swedes, who colonized Delaware, brought with them the musical traditions and folk dances of their country, and the same may be said of the Dutch, who founded the colony of New Amsterdam. (Hear Dutch Folk Songs, record 69772.)

The Moravian Brethren emigrated from Germany to this country in 1741, and settled in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and other places. To the Moravians we owe the introduction of the music of Bach in America. In Bethlehem, annual Bach festivals are still given. Early every Easter morning, the trombone choir of the Moravian Congregation ascends the tower of the church and plays old-time chorales, such as the one given in the ensemble on record 35671-A.

Religion played a very great part in the foundation of American colonies, and it is quite natural that nearly all music centered about the church service. American journeys made by the Westleys and the missionary labors of the Moravians and others did much to disseminate the love of singing.

By the time of the French and Indian War, musical concerts and singing societies had become established in many cities, foremost of which was Charleston, South Carolina, Boston, Massachusetts, and New York City. Organs were imported before the year 1700, and one was built in America for Trinity Church, New York, in 1743. Violins, 'cellos, double-basses, flutes, and oboes were in use as early as 1715. These instruments were played upon, and lessons were given on them by English and French musicians and dancing masters.

It is said that the song *Yankee Doodle* (record 17583) was first adopted by the American colonial troops during the French and Indian War. When the American troops of the Braddock expedition asked for an appropriate march, a British army surgeon gave them the words and tune of this old song, whose origin is somewhat clouded in obscurity. This tune has been claimed as a Dutch harvesters' song, an old Spanish dance of Biscay, a Hungarian melody, an old English country dance, while some trace it to an old song used by the Cavaliers to ridicule Oliver Cromwell and his "Roundheads."

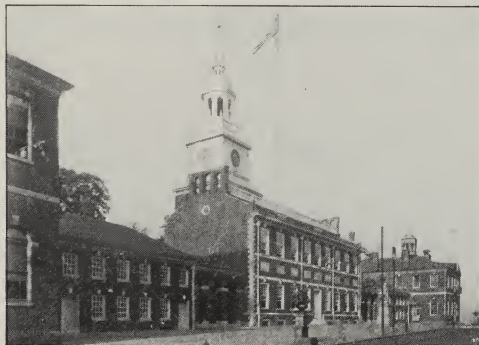
It has been identified as an English dance tune, *Kitty Fisher's Jig*, and also as the tune to which the nursery rhyme, *Lucy Locket Lost Her Pocket* was sung. This tune was used by the trained British troops to deride the untrained colonial troops of the New England States, and later turned in derision against the British.

The air was retained by the Continental troops in the Revolutionary War. It inspired the Minute Men at Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill. It was heard at the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga, and Lafayette requested that it be played at the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. Whatever its early history may have been, the tune was adopted by the American troops as their own, and as a national march tune became known as the *Battle of Lexington March*. The countless verses which were sung in the theatres and camps at that time are mere jargon, but the tune itself must be accorded a place of honor among our national airs.

Two poems which commemorate leading events in the Revolution may here be mentioned. One is Longfellow's *Paul Revere's Ride*\* (record 35555-A). Another, *The Rising of '76*\* (record 35555-B) relates in a dramatic manner the patriotism of Pastor Muhlenberg, who left his Lutheran pulpit in Woodstock, West Virginia, to lead his regiment as Colonel during the period of the war. Of similar interest in the study of this period are the readings of *Patrick Henry's Speech*\* (record 35377), *Declaration of Independence*\* (record 35291), *Washington's Farewell Address*\* (record 17371).

During the administration of John Adams, there was written the first genuine American patriotic song, *Hail Columbia* (records 17579, 17581). This is a patriotic

song which is truly American in both words and music. The music was written by Professor Phileas as a march in honor of President Washington in 1789, and played on his journey to his inauguration in New York. The present words were written over one hundred and twenty years ago by Joseph Hopkinson, of Philadelphia, and, as adapted to the old tune of the President's march, were first sung by Gilbert Fox, an actor, in the old Chestnut Street Opera House, opposite Independence



Independence Hall, Philadelphia, Pa.

ence Hall, on April 25, 1798. A bronze tablet now commemorates the event. The pew of Judge Hopkinson, and his father, who was clerk of the Continental Congress, is still pointed out in historic Christ Church, on Second Street, Philadelphia.

At that time England and France were at war, and frequent violations of American rights had occurred on the sea. It was feared that this country would become involved in the struggle, and, as a result of the widespread feeling of resentment, the spirit of patriotism ran high. The poem was noble and dignified, and touched the popular note with its appeal:

Immortal Patriots! Rise once more.  
Defend your rights, defend your shore! etc.

The War of 1812 brought forth the next great national utterance in the form of a patriotic song, *The Star-Spangled Banner* (record 17579 or 17581). The British army and fleet had burned the city of Washington and were preparing to attack Fort McHenry, the main fortification of Baltimore. Francis Scott Key, a young lawyer of Baltimore,

\*NOTE: Such records as these are splendid examples of English diction and are valuable models for the foreign-born student of the English language to imitate.

set out with a friend in a small boat to the British flag-ship to effect the release of a doctor who was detained by the British as a prisoner of war. His visit to the British Admiral proved very untimely, as the fleet was just about to begin the attack. Key and his companion were placed on their own small boat under guard. All night long they watched the furious bombardment, anxiously awaiting the outcome. At last, "by the dawn's early light" Key saw the old flag still floating triumphantly over the fort. Taking a pencil he hastily wrote the first stanza of his poem on the back of an envelope. The British announced that the attack had been a failure, and reëmbarking their troops they permitted Key and his friends to return to Baltimore. The other stanzas of the song were written during the return trip. When Key reached the city, copies of the song were soon printed in the form of handbills, under the title *The Bombardment of Fort McHenry*. A week later, a newspaper, *The Baltimore American*, printed a copy of the poem, with the instructions that it be sung to the tune, *Anacreon in Heaven*. This was the tune which Key himself had chosen for his song. It was an old English drinking song which had been known in America since 1798, and to which other verses frequently had been sung. In the regulations of the Army and Navy, this song has been officially recognized as the national anthem, and is always played when the colors are raised and lowered. Key is buried in Frederick, Maryland, of which town he was a native.

The War of 1812 was fought largely on the sea, and it is worthy of note that many nautical ballads of a patriotic nature sprang up at that time, most of which have now been entirely forgotten. To mention only one example: a ballad was written about the victory of Captain Isaac Hull of the American Frigate *Constitution* (*Old Ironsides*) over the British ship *Guerrière* off the coast of New England. The tune here used was an old English ballad, *The Landlady's Daughter of France*, which has come down to us in the form of a New England country dance tune, *Hull's Victory* (record 18367).

At the end of the War of 1812 we find the beginning of a French Opera Company in New Orleans. That city, with its large French population, was the first to maintain opera as a regular institution. It was only about six years ago that the old French opera house of New Orleans was discontinued, and in December, 1919, this historic old edifice was destroyed by fire. New York did not have a grand opera season until 1825, when the company of Manuel Garcia opened at the old Park Theatre in Rossini's *Barber of Seville*. (Garcia's daughter was Madam Malibran, the famous singer, and he himself aided in the development of the famous Jenny Lind.) Since that time New York has been America's leading home of opera. In that city most of the world's famous prima donnas have made their American debut, and the voices of Patti, Melba, Sembrich, Tetrazzini, and Galli-Curci are preserved on Victor records for future generations.

In 1827 Lowell Mason came to Boston and became the leading influence in American church and school music. Mason is best known as the composer of the hymn tune, *Nearer My God to Thee* (record 17848). His work in establishing singing classes gained for him the title of "The Father of American School Music." One day Mason left with a friend, Samuel Francis Smith, then a student at Andover, Massachusetts, a number of singing books. One of the airs Smith found in this collection was *God Save the King*, the melody to which he set his new patriotic song *America* in the year 1832 (records 17578, 17580).

Just about this time the doctrine of State Rights and the question of negro slavery was being hotly discussed. William Lloyd Garrison's paper, *The Liberator*, was pointing to the crime of slavery, and various other forces were working in the Northern States, which were to bring this great question to a crisis. In 1830 took place that famous debate of Webster vs. Hayne, in which Daniel Webster, famous orator, lawyer, and statesman, forever stated the position of the Union against the right of any single State to nullify an Act of Congress (record 17371).

The slavery problem called attention to the life of the negro in the Southern plantation. No better expression of the mode of thinking, their emotional feeling and religious aspiration exists than the "spiritual" or camp-meeting song, which grew up either from old African traditions, or else was the natural product of negro life and



thought on the Southern plantation. We are exceedingly fortunate in having many of these old songs preserved in record form by the Tuskegee Institute Singers. Some of the things that we notice in these songs are the even rhythm in 2-4 or 4-4 measure; the weird harmonies and minor melodies. Sometimes only a five-tone scale is used. The negroes are natural harmonists—when one starts a song others join in the second, third, or fourth part, a faculty which has not come from teaching, or knowledge of harmony, but seems to have been born in this race alone.

To the negro, blindly groping for the truth, and understanding religious teachings only imperfectly, the presence of God, His saints, and ministering angels was a vivid reality, and he pictured the New Jerusalem with all the vividness of his imagination. Here is a typical spiritual which voices the hope of the black man in a future life, *I Want to be Ready* (record 18446-A No. 1).

I want to be ready,  
I want to be ready,  
I want to be ready,  
To walk in Jerusalem just like John!

Oh, John! Oh, John! what do the angels say?  
Walk in Jerusalem just like John.  
I'll meet you there at the promised day,  
Walk in Jerusalem just like John.

In *Get on Board* (record 18446-A No. 2), the Christian faith is likened to a Gospel train:

Get on board little children,  
Get on board little children,  
Get on board little children,  
There's room for many on board.

The Gospel train is coming,  
I hear it just at ten,  
I hear the cog-wheels running  
And rattling through the glen.

I hear the train a-coming  
A-coming round the curve  
She's loosening all the steam up  
And straining every nerve.



A Negro Camp Meeting

In *My Way's Cloudy* (record 18447-B No. 1), the religious enthusiast expresses his misgivings in his efforts to lead a Christian life:

Oh! brethren, my way, my way's cloudy, my way,  
Go send them angels down,  
Oh! brethren, my way, my way's cloudy, my way,  
Go send them angels down.

Old Satan's mad, and I am glad,  
Send them angels down,  
He missed the soul he thought he had,  
O send them angels down.

I'll tell you as I told you before,  
Send them angels down,  
To the promised land I'm bound to go.  
O send them angels down.



In *I've Been 'Buked and I've Been Scorned* (record 18447-A No. 1), the hard path of the sinner is again set forth, but in this song, as in the others, there is expressed the same comforting faith and hope in divine help from above:

I've been 'buked and I've been scorned,  
I've been 'buked and I've been scorned, Chillun!  
I've been 'buked and I've been scorned,  
I've been talked about, sho' as you're born!

2. Ain't going a 'lay my 'ligion down, etc.
3. God's been here, and blessed my soul, Chillun, etc.

Another spiritual, *I'm a Rolling* (record 18447-B No. 2), expresses the same need for heavenly guidance and a plea for human assistance in obtaining it:

I'm a rolling, I'm a rolling,  
I'm a rolling thro' this unfriendly world.  
I'm a rolling, I'm a rolling,  
Thro' this unfriendly world.

O brother won't you help me,  
O brother won't you help me to pray?  
O brother won't you help me  
Won't you help me in the service of the Lord?

O preachers, won't you help me,  
O preachers, won't you help me to pray, etc.

The slave masters were quick to see the power of music over the negro laborers and encouraged the slaves to sing while at work in the cotton fields, on the railroads, in the lumber camps, and on the levees. The negroes were accustomed to sing these songs to lighten their burden. One of the songs which was frequently heard among the stevedores in New Orleans was *Deep River* (records 64687, 74246). The rhythm of this song was well adapted to the swing of the stevedores' arms as they plied the pulley ropes in hoisting heavy bales of cotton to the ships' decks. It also had the further advantage of filling their minds with religious fervor, making them forget their labors in the vision called up by these words:

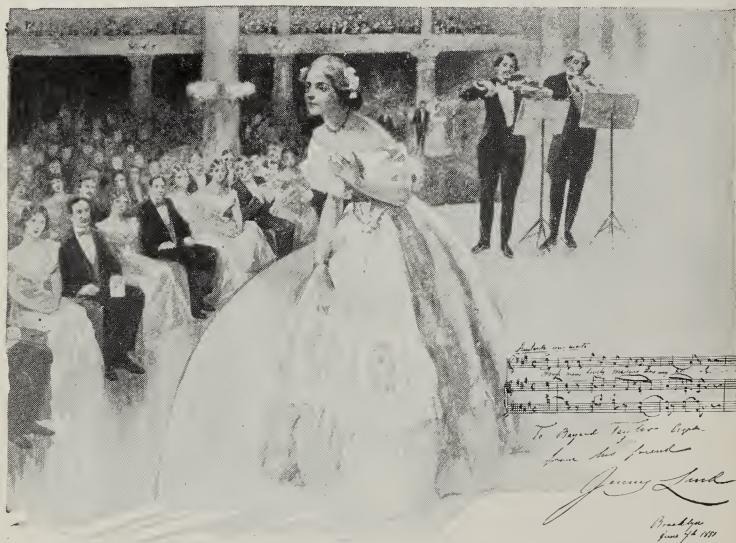
Deep River, my home is over Jordan,  
Deep River, I want to cross over into camp ground, Lord!



Negroes Singing at Work

In the 'thirties and 'forties many events were taking place to waken in the nation a new patriotism and sense of national responsibility. In 1836 came the massacre of the Alamo in which the heroism of its defenders, many of whom were American-born, turned all eyes to the struggle of Texas for her independence. The presidential campaign of 1840, in which Harrison and Tyler were elected, began a new era in national politics. This was called the "Log Cabin Campaign" in allusion to the log cabin in which Harrison was born. Its slogan was "Tippicanoe and Tyler too," a cry which

was frequently heard in song. President Harrison died and Vice-President Tyler succeeded to the presidency. It was during his term of office that one of the most stirring of American patriotic songs was written. This was *Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean*, or as it is usually called *The Red, White and Blue*. Most of the evidence gives the authorship of the words and music of this song to Thomas à Becket, an English actor, at that time living in Philadelphia, and whose son is still a resident of that city. In the fall of 1843, David T. Shaw, an actor and singer, came to à Becket, who was at that time playing at the Chestnut Street Theatre, with the request that he should write him a song for a benefit performance. Shaw produced some words, but they were found unsuitable. Later both went to the house of a friend, where à Becket wrote the first two verses and composed the melody, adding the third verse at home later. Shaw afterwards published the song as his own work, giving credit only for the arrangement to à Becket. This was afterwards adjusted, and the song was published in England with appropriate English words. Thus *The Red, White and Blue*, although written by an Englishman, was given to the world as an American song, and is now regarded as our best Army and Navy song (records 17578 or 17580).



Jenny Lind

Three years later war was declared against Mexico, and no doubt this patriotic song of the Army and Navy contributed largely to a strong national feeling which brought that war to a successful conclusion and led to the acquiring of Texas and California.

When gold was discovered in California in 1848, the rush of pioneers to that State and the primitive frontier life which they led there, brought into being a number of songs typical of the period. Among these we may mention *Sonoma Slim*, *The Days of '49* and *Clementine of '49*. How unfortunate that the Victrola was not yet invented to record those songs of '49 with the same faithfulness with which Bret Harte has portrayed life in the Western mining camps in his short stories!

In the year 1850 a musical event of the greatest importance occurred: the coming of Jenny Lind, the "Swedish Nightingale," to America. At that time the great singer

was thirty years old. She had forsaken the field of opera to sing entirely in concert. Jenny Lind not only excelled all other singers of her time in the art of song, but possessed great nobility of character. No queen could have been received with more flattering cordiality or greater homage. She bestowed her charities everywhere and when she left these shores after a two years' tour she carried with her a patchwork quilt made by the school children of America, which was buried with her, according to a request she had made.

One of the most remarkable incidents of Jenny Lind's American tour occurred in Washington, D. C., on the night of December 17, 1850, when official Washington welcomed the Queen of Song. Those were trying days in the Capital City, during which party feeling was rife on account of the Clay Compromise, or "Omnibus Bill." On that evening, President Fillmore occupied the presidential box. There were present his Secretary of State, Daniel Webster; Henry Clay, orator, statesman, and party-leader; and General Winfield Scott, a hero of the War of 1812, and later of the Mexican War. After the singer had finished a song in which her pianist, Julius Benedict, had set an original poem, *A Welcome to America*, by Bayard Taylor, the audience responded with a tumult of applause. Waiting until the applause subsided the singer unexpectedly turned toward a little gray-haired man who sat on one side of the front of the house, and began the familiar heart-song of all lands, *Home, Sweet Home*. A thrill of tender recognition ran through the audience as it listened with strained ear to the sympathetic voice of the singer; then all eyes were turned towards the gentleman to whom the song was directed. As he sat there, modestly drinking in every word of the song, he was recognized as John Howard Payne, "The Homeless Bard of Home." Payne had written the words to this immortal song twenty-eight years before in Paris. Hardly had the last note died when the entire audience arose and broke forth with unbounded enthusiasm, the kind of tribute the human heart pays only to that which moves it most deeply and sincerely. Even the stolid Webster was moved to emotion by this simple song, which was sung from the heart by this noble woman.

Two years later there came to our shores the distinguished English author, Thackeray, who delivered a series of lectures, just as his other distinguished countryman and fellow writer, Charles Dickens, had done ten years previously. In his lecture *Charity and Humor*, Thackeray paid the following tribute to American minstrelsy: "I heard a humorous balladist, not long since, a minstrel with wool on his head and an ultra-Ethiopian complexion, who performed a negro ballad that, I confess, moistened these spectacles in the most unexpected manner. They have gazed at dozens of tragedy queens, dying on the stage and expiring to appropriate blank verse, and I never wanted to wipe them. They have looked up, with deep respect, be it said, to many scores of clergymen in pulpits, and without being dimmed, and behold, a vagabond with a corked face and banjo sings a little song and strikes a wild note which sets the whole heart thrilling with happy pity!"

This leads us to a discussion of negro minstrelsy, a form of entertainment which originated in these States about 1830 and began with Dan Rice, who won great popularity with his "Jim Crow" song. To those days belong the jovial *Arkansas Traveler* (record 18331), and the contagious *Old Zip Coon* (record 18356). In 1846 a new minstrel song, *O Susanna* took the country by storm. The name of its composer was Stephen Collins Foster. He was destined to influence American music more than any other composer in our history. Foster had received his inspiration for his negro ballads by observing the life and music of the plantation negroes. He wrote the words of most of his songs in the negro dialect, and coupled them with melodies which gave them adequate expression. Song after song followed one another, and nearly all struck the chord of popular sympathy. It will be a long time before Americans forget *My Old Kentucky Home*, *Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming*, or *Swanee River*. The last-named was written for Christy, the head of a minstrel troupe, and first published over his name. Foster understood the devotion of the older slaves to their masters and when he penned such songs as *Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground* and *Old Black Joe*, he was painting plantation



life as he saw it. The life of this unique song writer was a curious mixture of success and failure. He died in 1864, too soon to realize the importance of his songs in our national life. A medley of the songs of Foster may be heard on record 35568.

Another writer of popular ballads for the early minstrels was James A. Bland, whose *In the Evening by the Moonlight* and *Carry Me Back to Old Virginny* are full of sentiment and are much admired in quartet form (records 17305, 18195, 74420). Another song of this period was *Darling Nellie Gray* (records 18195, 64729), by B. R. Hanby. This song pictured in melancholy fashion the loss of Nellie Gray, who was taken down the river to be sold as a slave. It, together with many of the other plantation melodies just mentioned, played upon the popular sympathies of the public and did much to create an anti-slavery sentiment among the people. It is interesting to recall that in the year 1852 Harriet Beecher Stowe's famous novel *Uncle Tom's Cabin* first made its appearance in complete book form, and its power was only equalled by the ballads of Stephen Foster, James Bland, and B. R. Hanby.

Out of the stress and turmoil of the American Civil War were born many spirited and inspiring patriotic songs. Unfortunately, the words of most of these songs recall former sectional bitterness, and for that reason are not now universally used. This last may well be said of *Marching Through Georgia* (record 64602), the famous marching song of General Sherman's army, by Henry Clay Work. The rousing tune of this song is still universally popular, and is used by the armies of Great Britain, France, Japan, and other countries.

Among the many songs contributed by George Frederick Root are *The Battle Cry of Freedom* (record 17582), which was inspired by President Lincoln's Second Call for Troops. Dr. Root wrote the song in Chicago, where it was first sung at a patriotic rally, and soon taken up by the entire North, and was much used by the Northern armies on the march. Dr. Root afterwards revised the words to make them truly national, and in this version it should be sung everywhere as a great patriotic rallying cry.

The same success greeted Root's *Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching* (record 64608). This song was written to cheer the Union soldiers who were prisoners of war, but its strains had a cheering effect upon the entire Northern public.

Far the most famous of the Northern war songs was the old negro camp-meeting air known as *John Brown's Body*, which was dignified and raised to the rank of a national air by Julia Ward Howe's famous poem, *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*. The old melody first appeared about 1865 in a revival hymn book, its title being *Say, Brothers, Will You Meet Us*. This was used in negro churches of Charlestown, South Carolina, Richmond, Virginia, and other places in the South. Its success as a marching song inspired Mrs. Howe to write her immortal poem, after she had made a night visit to the Army of the Potomac during a trip to Washington. In this hymn we have a melody of pure American origin with words which typify the high ideals of the Republic whose cause it served so well. In England and France *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* is now used as our most representative national song. This has been recorded on records 18145 and 45121.

Among the songs adopted by the Army of the Confederacy during the Civil War were *The Bonnie Blue Flag* with words by Anne Chambers Ketchum and music by Henry McCarthy, and *Maryland, My Maryland* (record 16104) with words by John Ryder Randall, a Baltimore newspaper man, who set them to the tune of *O Tannenbaum*.

But far surpassing both of these was the famous *Dixie* (record 17583-B). Here is another example of a gay and spirited melody bringing success to a song whose words are mere doggerel. The composer of words and music was Daniel Decatur Emmett, a Northerner born in Ohio in 1815. In 1859 Emmett was a member of the Bryant Minstrel Troupe at that time performing in New York City. He was requested one evening to provide the company with a new "walk-around" with a swing and dash to it. The familiar saying "I wish I was in Dixie" was often heard among the actors of the day, who, when the cold of a Northern winter set in, frequently wished themselves back in



the milder climate of the South, beyond the Mason and Dixon Line. This catchy phrase suggested the free and easy "hoe down" lilt of a negro plantation melody. The song attained immediate popularity in the North. The following year it was sung in New Orleans, where its reception was enthusiastic. A march tune was needed for a Confederate parade and *Dixie* was tried with success. It was afterwards heard at the inauguration of Jefferson Davis in Montgomery, Alabama, and thereafter became known as the official song of the Confederacy.

There can be no doubt that the universal popularity of *Dixie* has served to dispel many of the old animosities which sprang up during the war, and has promoted cordial relations between the North and South. This effect may be seen and heard whenever and wherever a band or orchestra strikes up the rollicking air—in a parade, in the theatre, or in any public gathering. In spite of the fact that no high musical merit may be claimed for it, this lively air acts as an invigorating tonic to the American of to-day, causing his pulse to beat more quickly, and calling upon his rhythmic nature to respond in some definite movement. *Dixie*, by reason of its Northern origin and its Southern adoption, stands as a symbol of the union of the people of a great nation in which all traces of sectional division are obliterated, as typified in the great National Army which set forth to rescue the world from tyranny and to insure a world democracy.

One notices the scarcity of lasting patriotic and familiar songs which grew up in the long period of the 'seventies and 'eighties following the Civil War. With the exception of a few ballads of the sentimental class,\* there are few songs which reflect the conditions of American life during those years. It is true there were no great national events to inspire patriotic songs until the Spanish-American War in 1898, and then our soldiers curiously selected a ragtime melody, *There's a Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night*, as the leading marching song (record 18371). Another song of this period was *Good Bye, Dolly Gray* (record 18339).

The Great War revealed a truth which we have observed about the songs of other wars. Very often in times of great stress the nation and men in arms turn to songs of sentiment, or songs with trivial words, for relief from the hard facts of warfare. It may be said, however, that those songs which exercised the greatest influence had a good marching rhythm, and words which reflected the feelings of the men who sang them. Such is the case with *Keep the Home Fires Burning* (record 64896), which has achieved a popularity far exceeding that of any other song:

#### CHORUS

They were summoned from the hillside,  
They were called in from the glen,  
And the country found them ready,  
At the stirring call of men.  
Let no tears add to their hardship  
As the soldiers march along,  
And although your heart is breaking,  
Make it sing this cheery song.

Keep the home fires burning,  
While your hearts are yearning,  
Though your lads are far away  
They dream of home.  
There's a silver lining  
Through the dark cloud shining,  
Turn the dark cloud inside out,  
Till the boys come home.

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A close second is the song of sentiment *There's a Long, Long Trail* (record 64694). This is the composition of two Yale students, Stoddard King, who wrote the words and Zo Elliott, who wrote the music. The piece was originally an attempt to write a song with a "heart-throb" to it for a college event. When Mr. Elliott was admitted to the Plattsburg Training Camp, he discovered that the tune found favor with the men there. No doubt the easy swing of the rhythm has done much to give this song a firm place in the affections of our Army and Navy, but there is considerable merit attached to the words as well, as may be seen from the following:

\*Several of the best known of these ballads have been recorded and reflect the type of songs much used in concerts of the period: *Wait 'Till the Clouds Roll By*, *When You and I Were Young*, *Maggie*, *Silver Threads Among the Gold*, *Whispering Hope*, *Moonlight on the Lake*, etc.

Nights are growing very lonely,  
Days are very long!  
I'm a growing weary only,  
List'ning for your song.  
Old remembrances are thronging  
Thro' my memory,  
Till it seems the world is full of dreams  
Just to call you back to me.

## CHORUS

There's a long, long trail a-winding  
Into the land of my dreams,  
Where the nightingales are singing  
And the white moon beams;  
There's a long, long night of waiting  
Until my dreams all come true;  
Till the day when I'll be going down  
That long, long trail with you.

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The great struggle for democracy inspired a number of singable songs which expressed the ideals for which this nation strove in the company of its allies. The song *Over There* (George M. Cohan, records 18333, 45130 and 87294) was a force to reckon with in aiding recruiting and increasing popular support of the war and its aims.

The songs of the past have so firmly engraved themselves upon the hearts and minds of the present older generation, that the modern composer naturally approaches his task of providing a new national song with considerable misgivings. The custom has sprung up of incorporating snatches of the well-known national songs into modern art songs of a patriotic character. There have been numerous attempts to carry out this plan, notably by musical comedy composers, with occasional essays in the field of serious composition. Some of these attempts have met with success.

One excellent example of this class of song is *Flag of My Heart*, a song with words by William F. Kirk and music by Gustave Ferrari. In the orchestral accompaniment may be heard three national airs which have a strong power of suggestion: *Columbia*, the *Gem of the Ocean*, *Dixie*, and *The Star-Spangled Banner*. The first is a majestic march tune, which starts out like the famous *Marseillaise* and suggests the marching of armies, fired by national pride and patriotism. The strains of *Dixie* recall the Civil War struggle which called forth and developed the supreme type of American manhood, the heroism and suffering of whom was to furnish the nucleus for a new birth of the nation. (Lincoln emphasized this thought in his famous Gettysburg speech.) In the interlude following the chorus (as sung the first time) the militant notes of *Dixie* given on the fife and drum mingle with the Assembly Call given by the bugle (hear record 18324-A), while the deep trombones intone the familiar "O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light," a reminder of the Nation's two early struggles for liberty and justice.

This song should prove an excellent one, not only for singing, but for analysis as here suggested. It is written in the key of D Major, and begins in 6-8 measure which changes to 2-4 in the chorus. By kind permission of the publishers we herewith quote the words as used in record 45124.

## FLAG OF MY HEART

Once more we hear the bugle call  
That rings from sea to sea,  
While freedom's soldiers one and all  
Stand forth for Liberty,  
In days of old, our sons enrolled  
Where Freedom's Banner shone,  
And now, as then, the Minute Men  
Will bow to God alone.  
Columbia's sons have marched to do or die  
To keep Old Glory waving in the sky!

## CHORUS

Red for the blood of our fathers of old,  
Shed over mountain and plain;  
While for the souls of the mothers untold  
Waiting and watching in vain;  
Blue for the heavens that smile on the free  
Proudly it floats in the sky!  
Flag of my heart, while the ages depart  
May the Red, White and Blue wave on high

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## I Am Music

Servant and master am I; servant of those dead, and master of those living. Through the spirits immortal speak the message that makes the world weep, and laugh, and wonder, and worship.

I tell the story of love, the story of hate, the story that saves and the story that damns. I am the incense upon which prayers float to Heaven. I am the smoke which palls over the field of battle where men lie dying with me on their lips.

I am close to the marriage altar, and when the graves open I stand nearby. I call the wanderer home, I rescue the soul from the depths, I open the lips of lovers, and through me the dead whisper to the living.

One I serve as I serve all; and the king I make my slave as easily as I subject his slave. I speak through the birds of the air, the insects of the field, the crash of waters on rock-ribbed shores, the sighing of wind in the trees, and I am even heard by the soul that knows me in the clatter of wheels on city streets.

I know no brother, yet all men are my brothers; I am the father of the best that is in them, and they are fathers of the best that is in me; I am of them, and they are of me. *For I am the Instrument of God.* I AM MUSIC.

—Anonymous.

